



HISTORICAL DRAMA.

ARNOLD

THE

TRAITOR,


—IN—

FIVE ACTS,

—BY—

EDGAR HARL KELLAR.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.
JOURNAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
1889.



PRICE 25 CENTS.



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ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

General George Washington.....	American Com. in Chief.
“ Horatio Gates.....	American General.
“ Hamilton.....	“ “
“ Lafayette.....	French “
“ Benedict Arnold.....	The Traitor.
Adjutant-General Wilkinson.....	Aid to Gates.
“ H. B. Livingston.....	“ Arnold.
“ John Andre.....	British Aid to Clinton.
Major Franks.....	Of Arnold's Staff.
Sir Henry Clinton.....	British Com. in Chief.
General Burgoyne.....	British General.
John Paulding.....	Capturer of Andre.
Joshua Smith.....	Andre's Guide.
Edward Shippen.....	Arnold's Father-in-Law.
Lord Hawke.....	Arnold's Second in Duel.
Lord Lauderdale.....	Arnold's Offender.
Margaret Shippen.....	Afterward's Arnold's Wife.
Milda Saneroff.....	English Adventuress.
Mr. Charles Fox.....	Lauderdale's Second.

Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Physician, Preacher.

Servants, Ladies and Gentlemen, Children, Etc.

THE STAGE PLOT.

ACT I.

BEMIS HEIGHTS, NEAR SARATOGA, NEW YORK.

- SCENE 1. A camp scene in 2.
SCENE 2. Full stage, stationary trees, rocks, and rock elevation at L.
SCENE 3. Same as in scene 1.

ACT II.

AT AND NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

- SCENE 1. Drawing room in 2.
SCENE 2. Full stage, open tent, winter.
SCENE 3. Same as in scene 1.

ACT III.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

- SCENE 1. Full stage, banquet hall, banquet table, chairs, etc.
SCENE 2. A parlor in 2.
SCENE 3. Full stage, alcove arranged, large mirror.

ACT IV.

ON THE HUDSON, NEAR STONY POINT.

- SCENE 1. Full stage, rocks, hut up L. on the river.
SCENE 2. A wood in 2.
SCENE 3. Full stage, veranda of house, view of mountains through window.

ACT V.

AT AND NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND.

- SCENE 1. Full stage, Westminster Abby, tombs, effigies, chapel L. C.
SCENE 2. A wood in 2.
SCENE 3. Full stage, bed with curtains L. C., table, chairs, etc., plain chamber.

COSTUMES.

American officers and British officers and soldiers wear uniform respectively, of their rank and time (Revolutionary war). Paulding has old British privates' dress. Van Wert and Williams, American farmers garb. Civilians wear dress of the time. Dress suits at the banquet. Preacher wears church of England dress of that day, etc.

PROPERTIES.

- ACT I.—SCENE 1. American swords and equipage.
" " 2. American and English arms, black horse, spy glass, etc.
" " 3. Stretcher, surgeons instruments, bandages, letter, etc.
- ACT II. SCENE 1. No properties especial.
" " 2. Table, camp chairs, rocker, crutches, documents, etc.
" " 3. Photograph, cane, settee, tableaux fixtures.
- ACT III.—SCENE 1. Long table, dishes, glass, fruit, large mirrors.
" " 2. No special properties.
" " 3. Lounge, large mirror, etc.
- ACT IV SCENE 1. Boat, documents, etc.
" " 2. Horse, documents, cloak, watch, etc.
" " 3. Table, chairs, documents, letters, lounge, pistol.
- ACT V. SCENE 1. Tombs, cane, keys, etc.
" " 2. Pistols and cases, surgeons case, and letter.
" " 3. Valise, epaulettes, sword knots, old uniforms, chairs, table, medicines, etc., tableaux fixtures.

And all other properties that may suggest themselves to enhance the working of the play and make it complete.

A SYNOPSIS OF THE DRAMA

The writer of this play pre-supposes that the reader or spectator has no inconsiderable acquaintance with the history of the United States, and especially that portion which comprehends the genesis of the Union—the revolutionary period. From this knowledge you may bridge over any gaps that discover themselves in the course of the drama.

After the first battle of Bemis Heights, which occurred on Sept. 19th, 1777, Generals Arnold and Gates meet. Arnold appears an impatient but popular officer, not so Gates. Gates displays a little of the bigotry that disgusts Arnold, and that finally disgraces himself. Arnold shows his "dutch" bravery and almost justifiable insubordination in the second battle of Bemis Heights, on Oct. 7th, 1777. Arnold merits and obtains the affection and confidence of Washington, but is really ill treated by the American congress, while Gates, whose bigotry and jealousy disgusts Washington, is praised and promoted by congress.

Arnold relieved from active military services by reason of a wound received at Saratoga, is appointed military governor of Pennsylvania. And here he marries the daughter of a pronounced Tory, Margaret Shippen, daughter of Edward Shippen. At Phila-

delphia he gives those extravagant entertainments to the friends of America, or to the sympathizers of England indifferently. Now these things put him in bad odor, and he is hastily and imprudently courtmartialled. Although not found guilty as alleged in the indictment, he is nevertheless sentenced to be reprimanded by Gen. Washington. Meanwhile letters bearing the spirit of treason are received by him from some English sympathizers in America and from the celebrated English commissioners.

A certain young English adventuress, who has some way ingratiated herself into Sir Henry Clinton's confidence and Mr. Shippen's family, succeeds in exciting more or less treason in Arnold's mind, and in establishing communications between him and Clinton.

Upon Arnold's urgent request, he is placed in command at West Point, the Gibraltar of America. He betrays his trust to Andre, Clinton's adjutant-general. Andre is captured on his way down to New York, and the aims of treason frustrated. Arnold in the morning of the day he expects the British to take possession of West Point, is in his home on the Hudson opposite the fort, while officers of Washington's staff are at breakfast and Washington momentarily expected, here Arnold is suddenly notified of Andre's capture; he escapes, but not a moment too soon for in less than three minutes, Washington himself is upon the scene and discovers his treason, while Mrs. Arnold is swept into the very vortex of insanity by her husband's perfidy.

These incidents are dramatized exactly as history relates them and make one of the most intensely interesting scenes that has ever been portrayed upon the stage.

Arnold and wife go to England to live. Here he is held in a contempt by the English that is but a little removed from that in which his own countrymen, the Americans, held him. He fails in every business undertaking. The English, in the person of the King, will not employ him as an army officer. In society he is eschewed, even insulted. He is compelled to defend his honor by engaging in a duel, and finally, in poverty, he dies the desperate death of a man who realized the enormity of his crime, for he sought to betray unto death the birth of the best government under the sun.

Let us, because of his great repentance, do as we have imagined Washington to do, pity and forgive the man but condemn and abhor the deed. That a lesson of justice and of love may be taught is within the purpose of the playwright.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—A camp scene in 2.

[*Enter Gen. Gates, Wilkinson and 3 other officers R. 1 E.*]

Gates.—Tell me, Wilkinson, were there other troops besides Poor's Brigade, Morgan's Riflemen and Dearborn's Infantry engaged yesterday?

Wilk.—Those were all, just the left division under Arnold, except Col. Marshall's regiment of the centre.

Gates.—We should never have engaged the enemy at all. I was over entreated by Arnold: the impetuous fellow wants to assume command of the entire army.

Wilk.—[*Looking off L. 1 E.*] Here comes General Arnold with Morgan, Poor, Dearborn and Livingston.

Gates.—Well, I shall talk very plainly to him.

[*Music as Arnold, Livingston, etc. enter L. 1 E.*]

Gates.—I suppose [*Going across to L. as Arnold goes to R.*] Arnold, that you are ready quietly to serve under me?

Arnold.—I am ready to say to you, Horatio Gates, as these gentlemen, and all the other officers in the army already know, that had I been seconded by my commander when my entire division was engaged, had reinforcements from the centre, which I begged of you, been permitted to assist, instead of an indecisive battle, the English would have had no camp to have fallen back to.

Gates.—I would advise a little more respectful language, a little less insinuation. It would be well for you to remember that I am your superior officer, having been appointed by the American Congress to the command of this army.

Arnold.—By the American Congress, but not by him who should have made the appointment—I mean Washington! Yes, sir, you are my superior officer; but let me say, sir, that truth and justice constitute a higher tribunal

than military law or the American Congress. And I predict that the American people will soon denounce the injustice of Congress in removing Gen. Schuyler, and giving his command to one whose pride is higher than Olympus. And though Burgoyne yet surrender and Gates' name be heralded over the Colonies as America's deliverer, mark my words, Horatio Gates, the honor and valor of Gen. Phillip Schuyler will yet be vindicated and your jealousy and vanity exposed.

Gates. By heavens, Arnold, you must be tremendously sore or crazy to rant like this. You could sweep the Mohawk clean, scatter St. Leger and relieve Steinwax, but we have more than Indian and Canadian half-breeds to fight here. You must be wild.

Arnold. Then, sir, the entire army is wild and crazy. I have more to say. We think very little of that soldier and General who holds back two-thirds of his army on the pretense of guarding the camp, keeps two-thirds of his army in idleness in a contest so hot and so important as yesterday's was, and why did you do this? I know why, for fear of a possible rival. Yes further, that General is contemptible — [*Gates half draws his sword, Arnold grasps his*] that General is contemptible who fails of victory through jealousy of a fellow soldier.

Gates. [*controlling himself.*] Arnold, I anticipated no such outburst from you. I should not have endured your vile insinuations and vituperation a half second; this sword would be searching for your heart's blood, had I loved the Colonies less or cared more for your opinion.

Arnold.—What? [*agitated.*]

Gates.—Yes, sir. Remain at ease till I am through. We expect Gen. Lincoln to-morrow, and can then doubtless dispense with your commanding services. [*starts off* *L... to Wilk.*] Come, Adjutant.

Arnold.—Gates, one word.

Gates.—No, not one. I have witnessed enough insubordination from you sir. Come!

[*Exeunt Gates and Wilk., L. 1 E.*]

Arnold.—Gentlemen, you know how affairs stood yesterday, and a ranker injustice was never committed. Washington shall hear of this, for I shall retire from the army and join him. [*Walking down R.*]

Officer.—Gen. Arnold you must not. There is not an officer in the army but understands that had it not been for you Burgoyne would have marched into Albany at this Autumnal equinox, a victor. Gates knows better than to dismiss you.

Arn.—I see no other way.

Off.—But this is a critical time. Gates has no right, whatever, to the command. Burgoyne will soon again give battle: the fate of the nation depends upon the result.

Arn.—I shall consider the matter. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

Livingston.—Arnold is a little too quick tempered and outspoken, but he is in the right and we must retain him. He is the fighting general. Come, I propose we draw up a petition to have him remain.

Off.—Aye! all the officers will sign it, and we will let Gates know how popular Arnold is.

Living.—Good, [*going out R. 1 E.*] he must remain.

[*Exeunt Omnes R. 1 E. Music.*]

END OF FIRST SCENE.

SCENE 2.—Second battle of Bemis Heights. Full stage. Stationary trees, rock elevation up L.

[*Discovers Gen. Burgoyne and staff on elevation.*]

Burg.—Gentlemen, we are forced to action. It is impossible for re-enforcements and supplies from New

York to reach us. We cannot retreat, the enemy have hemmed us in completely. We must hazard another battle. Let every man do his duty: defeat now will be the loss of the war and ignominy. Powell, you station your brigade here, the woods will screen you somewhat, so if the right breaks you may check them, then fall back behind the breastworks, which will prove the impenetrable wall to the rebels. Come!

[*Burgoyne and some officers exeunt L. U. E. Music.*]

Officer.—[*occupies with soldiers the elevation, with glass in hand looks off R.*] The action begins on our right. [*Sound of battle heard.*] Our right is broken. They are collecting their forces to bear down on us here. [*To Aid.*] Command the artillery to open fire. [*Aid hastily exit, British soldiers come rushing in R. 3 and R. U. E.*] Halt, form line of battle! [*Soldiers obey. Artillery roars L. outside.*] Who is that demon on the black horse? Attention! Take aim! Ready! Fire! [*British fire. Shouts and shots. Americans rush on. Arnold on black horse. Music, battle piece. British break.*]

Arnold.—Come on! Drive them back! Up the heights! Take their cannon.

[*Exeunt fighting, following British. Softer music.*]

Gates.—[*entering R. 1 E. with Wilk., Armstrong and staff.*] Arnold in the fight! He has no command. Such insubordination is intolerable. You, Armstrong, overtake him and order him back to his quarters. [*Armstrong exit L. U. E. Shots and shouts, battle rages without at L. again. Gates and staff exeunt R. 1 E. Enter Arnold R. U. E. with forces.*]

Arnold.—The Massachusetts boys to the front! We must take that redoubt. Down with British tyranny. [*Music. Charge. Exeunt L. U. E.*]

Armstrong.—[*Enters R. U. E.*] Where is General Gates! it is impossible to reach Arnold, he is all over the field at once, and he carries victory wherever he goes. [*Loud shouts of victory outside L. Enter Americans carrying Arnold, who is wounded. Music. Triumph.*]

Arn.—Boys, we did it, even if I were without a command.

Armstrong.—[*advancing*] Arnold, Gen. Gates commands you back to your quarters—

Omnes.—Shame! shame!

Arnold.—Hold! Yes, take me back. I am ready to go, for victory is ours. Take me to my quarters.

[*Exeunt R. 3 E. Music.*]

END OF SECOND SCENE.

SCENE 3.—A camp view in 2, same as in first scene.

[*Enter R. 1 E. Officers, Doctor, Arnold carried on stretcher. Soft music. Stretcher placed C.*]

Arn.—Well, Doctor, make an examination and tell us what it is.

Dr.—[*Examining wound*] I judge it to be a compound fracture of the thigh. [*Preparing*] I will set it and make you as comfortable as possible. [*Proceed to do so.*]

Living.—Well, Gen. Burgoyne's surrender is only a question of time, the victory is complete.

Arn.—I wonder what Washington will think of the action?

Dr.—You were injured in this leg at the battle of Quebec, were you not?

Arn.—Yes, sir. There [*pointing*] you can see the scar.

Dr.—We will try to save the leg, but it is in a precarious condition. [*Arising*] For the time being it is all right. I will be in again in the course of four or five

hours. [*Exeunt Dr. and two attendants. Dr. turning at R. 1 E.*] You must not excite yourself, general, if you want the leg to get along nicely.

Arn.—All right, Dr. [*Dr. exit R. 1 E.*] Yes. [*to Livingston*] Burgoyne must surrender.

Messenger.—[*Entering L. 1 E.*] I have a letter for Gen. Arnold from headquarters.

Arn.—You mean Washington?

Mess.—Yes, sir. Are you the general?

Arn.—I am, but hand the letter to that gentleman. [*Pointing to Living.*] Livingston you read it.

Mess.—[*Complying*] I may go now, sir?

Arn.—Yes, if I want you I will let you know. [*Exit Mess. L. 1 E.*]

Living.—[*Reads note.*]

H'DQ'RTS AMERICAN ARMY, 1
POTTS GROVE, PA., Sept. 27, —77. 1

Maj. Gen. Arnold, Saratoga, N. Y.:

MY DEAR GEN.—We have abandoned Philadelphia to prevent the British from seizing our ammunition and stores at Reading. Howe crossed the Schuylkill the 23d, near Norristown, and reached Philadelphia the 26th. Congress fled to Lancaster, where it is at this writing.

You see our position. We will move on the British as soon as possible. But in the meantime all eyes are upon Burgoyne's army. He is the hope of the British. Arnold. Congress acted unjustly and without consulting me in removing Schuyler and—

Arn.—[*Breaking in*] I knew it. I told you so.

Living.—[*Continuing*] removing Schuyler and giving Gates control. I trust it will not end disastrously, however. News has just reached me of your struggle of the 19th. You did nobly, Arnold, and saved us an inglorious

defeat. I cannot understand Gates. I know he is ambitious. He never reported the action of the 19th to me at all, but reported direct to Congress. Would he ignore me?

But be patient, Arnold, and have no open rupture with Gates. I have written him for an explanation. When Burgoyne is next engaged he must be defeated. I hear that he boasts that he will dine in Albany by Oct. 20th. Clinton, from New York, will try, in the meantime, to furnish him supplies and re-enforcements. God help you to defeat their boasting scheme. Console Gen. Schuyler and be patient: this is a critical period in our struggle. With Burgoyne captured our freedom is secured.

Yours for American Independence,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Arn.—Heaven bless George Washington, the embodiment of magnanimity and honor. What cares are his: what struggles and what triumphs! The intrigues of a jealous varlet he seeks to explain away. When rank injustice is done he forgives and sets himself to heal the wounds. Had I such virtue. [*Meditatively*] I am not jealous of Gates, but how unjust he is: and Congress. Congress! Congress places Gates over me. Why? Has Gates served longer or better? Has he a broader brain? Is he more valorous? Answer Ticonderoga, Champlain, Quebec, Saratoga, or let our march through the Maine woods reply. Then why is Gates placed over me? Why? Washington and Schuyler—Livingston, you and I know why. Simply this, friends in Congress. An open rupture between Gates and I? Oh no, no. What will Washington say when he hears of to-day's work? But what is to-day's work? Will Gates court-martial and discipline me?

Living.—He dare not, sir. You won the battle. You are too popular with the soldiers for Gates to say one word against you.

[*Shouts heard without R.*]

Arn.—[*To officer.*] Go find what that shouting means.

Off. [*Going to L. 2 E.*] I can't tell sir, but the general comes this way, I think.

Arn.—Who, Gates?

Off.—Yes, sir.

Arn. We will soon find out from the lips of the valient general himself.

[*Music. Enter Gates, Wilk. and others L. 2 E.*]

Gates.—Gen. Arnold I have good news to relate. Burgoyne has surrendered, surrendered his entire army, eight thousand men prisoners of war, and we are put into possession of a fine train of brass artillery, four thousand muskets and a vast amount of ammunition. America's hopes were centered in my army, America's fears in Burgoyne's, and now pardon me this elation. Fears dissipated, Hopes realized, note the transition. Tears into Transport, Gloom into Glory! The shouting you heard just now was occasioned by Burgoyne giving me his sword. That shout of victory with what an electric thrill it will roll over the land! 'Twill echo from the farms to the work-shops, from the marts of commerce to the halls of legislature. The result? Toryism abolished, bills of Congress rise 50 per cent. in value. The militia flocking to our standard. The result? the great patriotic heart of America beats with wild enthusiasm of victory! I must dispatch the news to Congress at once. [*To Wilk.*] Col. Wilkinson you may have the distinction of bearing this all important message to Congress.

Arn. I would suggest, Gen. Gates, that martial law demands that our commander-in-chief, Washington, should first be apprised of this, and then the matter of laying it before Congress is in his hands.

Gates. —[*Going off R. 1 E.*] We will waive that formality now. [*To staff*] Come.

Arn. —[*Aside*] Again ignored. Can Washington endure it a second time?

[*Exeunt Gates and staff R. 1 E.*]

Arn. —[*Music. Raising on elbow and sitting up.*] Let me see some of our worthy men. A notable victory has been won. [*Enter R. and L. officers and soldiers.*] Listen my countrymen. Morgan you were a carpenter, Poor you were a farmer, I was an apothecary and book-seller. You all were farmers, merchants or tradesmen. We were not warriors, nor shall America be a nation of professional warriors. If this victory be the crowning one and proclaim us free from England's oppression, what will be our glory? You know. To return untrammelled to our various industries and the quiet ways of peace. War! War crazes a nation. What base intrigues of ambitious warriors, witness all history. [*Music. Enter Gates R. 2 E. unnoticed.*] Already in our own brief day we see the victory laboriously planned by one, valiently executed by another, is most gloriously claimed by a third! Upon the sweat and blood of honest men this later person, base knave that he is, reaches the Gloria Mundi! Out! Out upon such an one, and though the majestic heights of the Hudson be the scene, and to-day the time, and a general the person, and Gates be his name. Condemn it with your hisses!

Gates. —[*Music. Rushing down C. and drawing sword.*] What do you mean by that, sir?

Arn. Literally and emphatically what I say. Now coward, strike a wounded man!

[*Red light. Tableau.*]

Curtain.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT 2.

SCENE I. (Eight months supposed to have elapsed since last act.) A parlor in 2. Chairs at extreme L. Center door in parlor.

[*Discover. Shippen and Clinton seated at L.*]

Clinton.—[*Rising.*] Yes, Mr. Shippen, France on Feb. 6th, formed an alliance with what are called the Confederate States of North America. France was moved to this action by the intelligence of Burgoyne's surrender. Four large frigates, under Count D'Estaing, were dispatched from France to blockade our fleet in the Delaware. We are commanded to concentrate our forces at New York, and by the 18th of June we shall leave Philadelphia.

Ship.—Well, Sir Henry, I am really sorry for this turn of events. Lord Howe, before you succeeded him, informed me substantially of these facts. One thing raises the hopes of us loyalists.

Clin.—And what is that?

Ship.—That so able a soldier as Sir Henry Clinton should be placed in command as Generalissimo of the English armies.

Clin.—I thank you; and now, Mr. Shippen, I want to see for a moment your guest Miss Milda Sancroft, a little loyalist every inch of her.

Ship.—Certainly, I will call her. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

Clin.—It seems a great deal is expected from me. I trust that the hopes of old England and these true hearted loyalists may be realized. The Americans occupy as soon as we evacuate. How shrewd this Miss Sancroft is. What better person than she, with her social charms to detect and report the rebels' plots. Can I enlist her? [*Enter Milda R. 1 E.*] Miss Sancroft. [*Shakes hands.*]

Milda.—Sir Henry, Mr. Shippen informs me that you expect to leave Philadelphia?

Clin.—We do, and for that reason I wish to speak to you. Your loyalty impressed me at once. We love old England?

Milda.—We do.

Clin.—And we will do all we can to see her put down this rebellion?

Milda.—We will.

Clin.—All 's fair in war?

Milda.—It is so considered.

Clin.—And you can help me?

Milda.—I can. I divine your intent and I have thought of it, and for old England's sake—and your's, you may command me—what would you have me do? Have their generals fall in love with me and then poison them?

Clin.—Oh, no! not so bad as that. Just do what you can.

Servant.—[*Enter center door.*] Scuse me, but one of dese here "aids" is inquirin' for Mister Clinton. [*Exit center door.*]

Clin.—And I am wanted. Good bye, Miss Sancroft, Mr. Shippen has my address. Remember, for old England's sake. [*Exit center door.*]

Milda.—Yes, for old England's sake. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

END OF SCENE FIRST.

SCENE 2.—Full stage. "Valley Forge." Winter. Tent, camp-fire, table, chairs, easy-chair, etc.

Washington.—[*Discovered seated at table up L.*] These documents surprise and pain me. God knows personal ambition is not the spring of my action. But such things make me tired and sick of public life. That certain honorable members of Congress and certain high officers of the army should scheme to deprive me of my position by such base intrigues. Gates and Lee want the command. At any rate, Gates is fully identified with the clandestine movement. And this Irishman, General Conway, has permitted himself to be made a tool of. Did I seek the position I occupy? Did I? Why should these men seek to depose me with such lies? Have I not dealt justly with them? Do I not love them? Indeed, how sharper than a serpent's tooth is this ingratitude. Are not the British and this hard winter at Valley Forge enough to fight, but our friends must turn traitor?

Officer.—[*Enter R. 3 E.*] General Benedict Arnold would speak with you, sir.

Wash.—I will see him. [*Officer exit R. 3 E. Enter Arnold on crutches R. 3 E. Music.*] Ah, general, not yet able to lay those things aside? [*Rising conducts Arnold to easy-chair.*] Occupy this seat.

Arn.—Thank you. You are kind. No, but I am improving rapidly. But how are you this morning?

Wash.—Confused!

Arn.—But look on the bright side, the plot is exposed.

Wash.—Yes, and I thank you for your valuable assistance.

Arn.—Conway will make a complete statement and apologize to you.

Wash.—O yes, its coming out all right, but the risks that were run, and what a skeptic it makes of one. We

begin to lose faith in humanity. Your great victory last fall filled us with hope and faith; this business fills us with despair and loss of faith. No, Congress is not all unfaithful. Justice will prevail. You heard of the attempt to bribe Reed, a delegate from this State?

Arn. No.

Wash. It reached me yesterday. It seems one of the British commissioners, the secretary, I believe, had a Tory relative here, a Mrs. Fergusson, of Philadelphia, who was intimate with Reed. Reed was suspected of easy virtue. Mrs. Fergusson was authorized to offer him high official station and a large sum of money if he would use his influence in favor of peace, according to the submissive terms offered by the commissioners. The reply of Mr. Reed is note-worthy. He is alleged to have said: "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am the king of England is not rich enough to buy."

Arn.—Good, good! general take heart, there are thousands of this true stripe! Don't lose faith in the American people!

Wash.—Quite true, Arnold. God rules. Truth and justice will prevail. The glorious sun is life-giving to the things that are alive, but to the things that contain the germs of death, decay and petrification is hastened. So with this war, the valorous become more brave and the craven the greater knave. But I have business with you. Clinton evacuates Philadelphia soon: I must follow him. You cannot resume an active position, else you should take charge of the right wing of my army. Arnold I have named you for Military Governor of Pennsylvania. Congress indorses, and you will live in Philadelphia, exercising all the authority and prerogatives of governor. With the alliance of the French we will push matters,

and I trust ere the close of the campaign England will recognize and submit to our Declaration of Independence.

Arn.—Yes, for the fates have decreed it!

CLOSED IN BY PARLOR IN 2.

SCENE 3.—Parlor in 2, same as in Scene 1 of Act II. A settee down R.

Margaret.—[*Enters C. D. Going to settee takes photograph from folds of her dress, soliloquizes. Low music.*] Benedict, Benedict; Bene-dicere. “Bene”—well; “dicere” to speak—“well spoken of.” And so thou art my love—tried and true—wounded and I cannot be with you. O thou dear one! Father says you are a rebel. You are not. You are a patriot. You love your country. You rebel at tyranny. Father does not know you. I know you. O, when will this horrid war cease?

Ship.—[*Enter C.*] Margaret, I have news for you. That young man—you think of him often, no doubt—Benedict Arnold, whom you met some years ago—

Marg.—Yes! [*Rising and running to him.*] Yes, what of him?

Ship.—Nothing; only Washington and Congress have appointed him Military Governor of Pennsylvania. He is to take up his residence in Wm. Penn’s old house, corner of Norris alley and Second street, and assume power of his office at once.

Marg.—[*Eagerly.*] Yes, father, yes; and now I am happy. Listen, father, you will forgive me. O don’t be vexed with me, indeed he is not a rebel.

Ship.—How’s that?

Marg.—You know I have received a letter or two from him?

Ship.—Yes.

Marg.—Well he is a true man, and a noble one. He is an American. He means well. He is honest.

Ship.—Yes.

Marg.—And he loves me.

Ship.—How's that?

Marg.—Yes, father, and I love him, and you love me, and you don't care do you? I know you are not angry.

Ship.—Well, a little romance was all right, but—but, it had better stop.

Marg.—O, father, it can't. I tell you we love each other.

Ship.—O, a little. Let it go now.

Marg.—Yes, but you don't understand. He has asked me to be his, and what could I say?

Ship.—Say no, of course. That's easy.

Marg.—But it was not easy, and I couldn't. Now, you don't care, dear father? I know you don't. He is the very soul of honor and bravery.

Ship.—You marry an officer of the rebel army!

Marg.—O you don't understand him. Now please don't be vexed.

Ship.—Well you are old enough to know what you want to do. No, I am not angry, but I don't like these rebels.

Servant.—[*Puts head in C. D.*] Maj. Gen. Benedict Arnold!

Ship.—No, I don't—

Marg.—Yes, please father. [*To servant.*] Conduct him here. Now, father, it's all right. You will see him, won't you? It's nearly two years since you have seen him? O, how he must have changed in that time. Hark, he comes! [*Enter Arnold C. D., with crutch and cane.* *Music.* *Marg.* starts toward him.] Oh, Benedict! [*Checks herself.*] Gen. Arnold, I am glad to see you.

Arn.—[*Advancing.*] And I you. Your father?

Ship.—Gen. Arnold, how are you?

Arn.—Entirely recovered. Mr. Shippen, thank you, save a weakness in this leg that compells me to use the crutch and cane a while yet. You see I hasten to call upon my friends [*looking at Marg.*] of a few years ago. You are all well?

Ship.—Quite so, and now general you will excuse me, [*looking at watch*] my business demands me. Margaret will call Mrs. Shippen. [*Exit C. D.*]

Marg.—[*Embracing Arnold.*] I will call mother, but not now, my love.

Arn.—My Margaret, how glad I am.

Marg.—And I. Come set down. [*Going to settle down R.*]

Arn.—Your father?

Marg.—O, he will be all right. Don't you like him?

Arn.—Of course, my love. But now I am here. You have heard? So long separated, Margaret darling, my wife!

Marg.—O I am happy. That word!

Arn.—And you will call me?

Marg.—Husband!

Arn.—Yes, yes. All is ready—house furnished, servants secured: everything. Can it be soon, to-morrow?

Marg.—Oh!

Arn.—Then you say, let it be soon. One week this day?

Marg.—Yes.

Arn.—O, my love! How felicities are crowding upon me. Yet this is a trying time—this war. I say it not boastingly, but it seems I am very popular with the soldiers and the people. Washington said: "While you are recovering you will be Governor of Pennsylvania.

but you must command one wing of my army as soon as you are able. You are the best fighting general we have." Now, Margaret, I know that we are in the struggle that will give birth to a new nation.

Marg.—Yes, general, I believe it.

Arn.—Pure men of letters may be great—Shakespeare, Moore and Milton—but the man ruler of millions is greater, an Alexander, a Caesar. These colonies will ere long, need a ruler, a king. I dare not breath it aloud, but I am young. In these veins there lurks a fire, and in this heart an ambition.

Marg.—My dear you dream.

Arn.—Yes, I dream. I dream aloud to you, but to no other living soul. And it is an audacious dream; but what of that? Old Mythology presents a gruff, irritable Jubiter as King, and an old masculine Juno, Queen. A new vision shows a clear brained, healthy man King, and a gentle, loving lady Queen. Not in the skys, but on earth. Execution wedded to Justice. Had I the power with my crutch as the magic wand, I would unroll the future and show you the ideal throne and government.

[*Music without. Song, "Our Country," as parlor draws off and shows tableaux. Washington and Martha upon platform, on which, in gold, is the word "Liberty;" back of Wash. and wife is huge scroll "Constitution of the United States of America;" draperies of the American flag.*

Curtain.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT 3.

SCENE I. Full stage. Banquet scene—table arranged, plants, etc. Music from bank of ferns. Enter ladies and gents R. 3 E., talk and seat themselves at table.

Milda.—[*Entering with Arnold R. 1 E. Low music.*]
You sustain the expense of this entertainment?

Arn.—Yes, and it is rather expensive.

Milda.—You failed to have Robinson, or in fact any of my loyalist friends invited. Yes, this to-night is exclusively of the democratic element, that I already perceive.

Arn.—I have entertained your English friends often. Come, they wait on us. [*They seat themselves.*]

[*Darkie waiters fly around with cake, ices, etc. Music.*]

Omnes.—Now for the toasts, the toasts!

Toast-master—[*Rising and motioning for music to stop.*]
You are ready for the toasts. Ladies and gentlemen we will first drink to the health of our Philadelphia ladies, and now Gen. Arnold let us hear you respond to the proposed toast, "Philadelphia Ladies."

Arn.—[*Rising.*] Ladies and gentlemen: I esteem myself happy to speak on such a theme. I have seen feminine loveliness upon the coral strands of India, within the historic lands of Europe, and in many cities in our own colonies, but I speak not of these. Nay, I speak not of the ancient Helens or Lucretias, the Romans' matrons haughtiness, the Grecian maidens' classicness, I speak not of Teuton's barbaric beauties, these are types of loveliness that are soon exhausted. But I speak of the fair Philadelphia ladies, throughout the days we may sing her praise. [*Cheers.*] O the wisdom and wit; lacricity and life; daring and dignity, happiness and health, grandeur

and grace, wedded and welded in Philadelphia's fair ones. [*Cheers, bravo!*] The best of all types united, one delightful conspiracy of loveliness. They dazzle and dare us; they praise and they please us; they freeze and they tease us; they advise and advance us. Let the bright glasses clink. Their health let us drink!

[*Cheers, merriment, music, drinking.*]

Toast-master.—[*Rising.*] Now, ladies and gentlemen, if we have sufficiently recovered from the force of Gen. Arnold's eloquence, we will listen to a gentleman, a statesman and a scholar, on a theme that is just now dear to every true American heart. Gen. Hamilton we propose to drink to—"The Daring Soldier."

Ham.—[*Rising.*] Ladies and gentlemen: Hannibal dared and died to gratify a vain and foolish pride, Julius Caesar figured and fought for ignoble conquest, Cortez lived and labored to advance the interests of a lifeless monarchy. These were daring soldiers, but they lived years ago. New thought, new life, new causes of war and new soldiers have since been evolved. We think of one, a bright, brave, brilliant boy, who fought for new freedom and new thought; who fought for a nation's emancipation from tyranny! [*Cheers.*] We speak of one whom Congress failed to respect, yet did he his duty and scorned the dangers of daring. We drink to the matchless leader of the patriots through the trackless woods of Maine! The hero of Ridgetfield and Saratoga! The dauntless rider of the black horse! The large hearted citizen and warm hearted friend! The soldier with whom patriotism amounts to a passion. Drink to him all! He touches the climax of fame. The brave General Arnold by name!

[*Music, cheers, drinking.*]

CLOSED BY PARLOR IN 2.

SCENE 2.—Parlor in 2.

Marg.—[*Enters L. 1 E.*] O, this trouble of Benedict seems serious. Court-martialed! I wonder what it means? My neighbor said we had been indiscrete in bargaining for Mt. Pleasant. Why should we not have a pleasant home? And then that we had gone to parties and given them; but what of that? Benedict is Governor and that is expected. [*Enter Arn. R. 1 E.*] You are back. O tell me all about it.

Arn.—[*Dejectedly.*] You want to hear it? all right, listen. It is my tale of woe. I was tried by a court of military officers for an offense against military law. I was accused of appropriating public funds to my private use. O those jealous under-hirelings. Did they find me guilty? No! But the jealous dogs were not satisfied. Although I was found “not guilty,” and as innocent of the crime charged as our boy sleeping in yonder room, were they to be foiled? Some worthy members of Congress were at the bottom of the dastardly plot: were they to be defeated? A verdict was rendered, something like this: Although not guilty, as alleged, we recommend that Gen. Arnold be reprimanded by Gen. Washington for extravagance in a time of great public want.

Marg.—It was a shameful plot.

Arn.—Of course it was. O, ye, honorable American Congressmen! You advance Lee, Sullivan, and Gates: but me, I do the fighting and receive the reprimands. I receive the scars of battle and must receive in addition the venom of your jealousy. By heaven, I'll not endure it!

Marg.—[*Frightened.*] O Benedict don't, please don't, it will all come out right. Let's quit this horrible business entirely. Resign! Let us go down to Connecticut and you can resume your old work, anyhow what else can you do?

Arn.—What else can I do? Why make an appeal to the American people. They will see justice done me. I will expose those jealous hounds. Margaret, I love you: I love this country; I love Washington. Heaven bless him, he hated it, he sympathizes with me; but, Margaret, can I be spat upon? Have every spark of my manhood extinguished by a few dogs? What if I am in debt? Its a debt incurred in maintaining the dignity of my position. I am put down to exist on a poor, miserable pittance; that's the justice of Congress.

Marg.—Be calmed, dearest. Come, let us go think over these matters quietly. Time rectifies all misunderstandings.

Arn.—[*As they exunt.*] Yes, Time, the great arbiter of events and of individual destiny will one day drive every man to his own place—the traitors to trouble, the honest to heaven. [*Exunt L. 1 E.*]

DRAWS OFF TO PARLOR IN 3.

SCENE 3.—Room in 3. Large mirror; alcove at R., raised about one foot from level of stage; chair in alcove; other chairs at table.

Milda.—[*Dressed as Goddess of War before mirror.*] Yes I can pose as Goddess of War and afford entertainment for an evening to the Tory elite. But why not be a real goddess? Sir Henry desires it. Why not turn the scales in this desperate struggle? Women and war! Shall not history that shows between the lines read, “One British lady saved the colonies?” I cannot use helmet, sword and shield, but a greater trinity—thought, intrigue and arbitration. Ah, yes, I have begun, I shall continue. He surely will come.

Arn.—[*Enter R. & E.*] Ah, goddess of battles!

Milda.—Commander of men!

Arn.—Thank you.

Milda.—Thank you.

Arn.—Yes, but a change has come over the spirit of my dream.

Milda.—The court-martial?

Arn.—Even it.

Milda.—An advertisement of your virtues, nothing more. You will leave Philadelphia?

Arn.—Yes, I can do nothing else.

Milda.—Will Washington place you in command at West Point?

Arn.—If I want it.

Milda.—You take command at West Point, the destiny of the colonies is in your hands.

Arn.—What's that?

Milda.—Nothing, only this is an important time and fate's opportunity. If the colonies win, it is a revolution; if England, a rebellion is put down. These things are only relative. See here. An officer leaves the British army and joins the American, to you, he is a lover of freedom; to me, a traitor. An officer leaves the American and joins the English army to you a traitor, to me a patriot and a lover of peace. Let England succeed, as she doubtless will, and the American traitor is enrolled a saint in all histories, and is made Governor General of the colonies.

Arn.—What sort of sophistry is this?

Milda.—It is sound logic, as your own reason will attest. This is the way history will read: "A notable American general, in whose hands was destiny, preceiving the folly of further rebellion, the senselessness of rupture with magnanimous England, resigns himself,

army, ammunition and arms to the mother country, displaying a tact and love for the race that finds a parallel nowhere in history!"

Arn.—Well what has all this to do with me?

Milda.—[*Handing docs.*] Here are some dissertations by practical statesmen, Beverly Robinson, of America, and others on the ethical aspect of the war. Mr. and Mrs. Shippen and myself go to New York to be near Sir Henry Clinton. Here, by the way, is a letter from Clinton, that you may examin.

Arn.—Shippen going to New York?

Milda.—Yes, he sees the folly, as you know, of this senseless rebellion. He knows, as we know, that a country whose representatives commission bigoted cowards to high places in its army, while it neglects the brave soldier; a country whose Congressmen court-martial the bravest commander and disgraces him before the nation. This country, even though it win the war, cannot manage its own affairs. Internal dissensions would work and ruin it, and, like a runaway child, it must, as the night falls, come crying home to find protection. | *Takes seat in alcove. Music.*] It has—

Arn.—[*On steps of alcove.*] Stop! thou wizard of wisdom, thou hast confused me. Thy last shaft strikes home. Is it poison or panacea? The light dazzles me. [*Dark stage. Strong light on Milda.*] But nay! go on. Am I the man of destiny?

Milda.—[*Rising.*] Thou art! [*Light thrown on ghost of Washington. Another phantom sneaks up (blue light) and stabs Washington in back. Washington turns. Other phantom falls back. Light fades out. Weird music.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT 4.

SCENE I.—Near Stony Point on the Hudson. Full stage. Wooded banks. House L. U. E. Dark stage. Low music.

Arn.—[*Enters L. & E. in heavy coat, dark lantern.*] Hasten now the consummation of this distasteful business. I have thought until my brain is confused, now for action. Soon “Anderson” will be here. [*Listens.*] I hear the dip of their oar. [*Throws light on boat that moors R. & E.*]

Andre.—[*Springing out.*] Augustus?

Arn.—[*Shaking hands.*] Mr. Anderson. [*To others in boat.*] You may take the boat yonder, and return to the “Point.” [*To And.*] It is not far from dawn. Come! we must hasten. Here, Anderson, on this rock. [*Goes to rock L., takes off coat, lays down papers, etc.*] You came on the Vulture?

And.—Yes, it lies five miles below.

Arn.—Col. Robinson on board?

And.—Yes, he said: “To-night is the beginning of the end. Arnold will have all ready.”

Arn.—And so I have. Have you?

And.—I have.

Arn.—See here, here is a detailed account of the position of the forces at West Point and between there and White Plains below. [*Takes another paper.*] Here is a complete list of the stores in the various buildings at West Point. You notice the position and contents are designated here.

And.—Let me see. Heavens! I had no idea of the extent of arms and ammunition stored there—furnishings of all kinds. I positively did not think the rebel army possessed such a treasure depot.

Arn.—You did not? O, yes, it is the capital of our I mean their forces. There flows the Hudson, Anderson, from the Adirondacks to the ocean, exhaust, drain off her waters, you have bed and banks, her usefulness is gone. Take the supplies at West Point, you have the dry channel, a skeleton army without muscle or blood.

And.—Does our meeting mean that?

Arn. Yes, nothing less. In the shadow of this mountain we shape a nation's destiny. Prodigal America shall eat husks! But here, here is a complete survey, locating the roads and passes, the valleys and the hills, the danger places and the weak spots. Have Clinton follow implicitly my instructions here in every detail. I shall scatter the "rebels" as I have indicated. On the 25th you take possession of West Point, look it over, see if I have omitted any important thing. Can you understand it? Ask me questions.

And.—Possessing West Point will it not secure the Hudson from source to mouth?

Arn.—It will; and what does that mean? Just this, the possession of the Hudson cuts the colonies in twain, all military and commercial intercourse is intersected. It connects New York city and Canada, accomplishing that which Burgoyne and St. Leger's expeditions, with their 10,000 men, sought to effect, but failed.

And.—I see it all; it is complete. But general it is getting daylight. [*Stage has become lighter, the birds chirp.*] The birds are already awake.

Arn.—Yes, and this is a conspicuous spot. Day comes suddenly as the sun rises over the mountains. [*Cannon heard.*] Col. Livingston must be firing on the Vulture. But for that sharp bend we could see her. Have you the commission and the money from Clinton?

And.—Yes, here. [*Hands over docs. Arnold looks at.*] How am I to reach the Vulture?

Arn.—[*After pause.*] Satisfactory. What?

And.—How am I to return?

Arn.—The man who lives in that house yonder, Joshua Smith, will row you down.

And.—Does he understand?

Arn.—[*Running up bank.*] He obeys me. Ho, Smith! He will answer soon. [*Smith opens door.*] Here he is

Smith.—Well? [*Advancing.*]

Arn.—I want you, as I indicated last night, to row this gentleman down to a sloop some five or six miles below.

And.—How dare we? It is daylight, and with this cannonading we cannot reach her.

Arn.—Will you attempt to reach New York overland?

And.—Yes, with a guide to “neutral grounds” and a passport from you.

Arn.—And what about the papers?

And.—I shall securely conceal them. See. [*Takes off boot puts in papers.*] Now give me a large coat or cloak to cover this uniform.

Arn.—[*To Smith, who has been busy at boat.*] Smith, have you a large coat? Give it to this gentleman. [*Arnold writes. Andre gets Smith's coat.*] Here. [*Handing passport to And.*] You will get horses on the other side of the river. Smith, a passport for you. Conduct Mr. Anderson to “neutral grounds.” [*Smith goes to boat.*] Andre, for God's sake don't let this miscarry. I hazard everything. My name is now associated in history forever with the Hudson and the Mohawk valley. No one will recall Saratoga without thinking of the bloody charge I made. I am honored and loved.

And.—Are you the hero of Saratoga? Has Congress

evinced any love towards you for your services, your losses? A brilliant general is basely court-martialled and disgraced.

Arn.—There: no more. I am driven to this step. If we fail, Andre, if we fail, I shall be known in all history as Benedict Arnold the Traitor! O, wife! O Washington! O, my brave boys! Too late. My God! But go, go Andre! No, not a word. We will not, we must not fail. Go, and may heaven bless— O! why don't you go: be off! [*Andre and Smith push off.*] Pshaw, I am an old woman: what has heaven to do with this matter? There goes the information. What if I do antagonize a few friends? Only for a short time, then reunion and reconciliation. Arnold appointed President of the United Colonies, and Arnold's grievances avenged! [*Music. Exit L. 1 E.*]

CLOSED IN BY WOOD IN 2.

SCENE 2.—Near Tarrytown. Wood in 2. Rock in center, as in other scene.

[*Enter Isaac Van Wort and David Williams R. 1 E.*]

Isaac.—Washington knows what he is about.

Dav.—You'r right, he does that.

Ike.—Let's wait on this rock. Paulding will catch up with us. [*Looks back R. 1 E.*] Yonder he comes, now. Hello, John! [*Enter Paulding R. 1 E.*] What you doin' with them clothes on?

John.—Well, you see them British nabbed me yesterday, and as they wanted my good clothes they gave me these instead.

Dav.—You traded even?

Ÿno.—I had to. But I look one of these here genuine English soldiers. Hello! who's this? [*Enter Andre horse back. Passing on.*]

Omnec.—Hold! [*Taking hold horse.*]

And.—Well, gentlemen, be easy. I guess you belong to our party.

Ÿno.—What party?

And.—The lower party.

Ÿno.—That's right.

And.—Good! [*Throzes back coat.*] You perceive I am a British officer. Andre is my name. I am adjutant general to Gen. Clinton.

Ÿno.—[*Saluting.*] Aye, sir.

And.—Yes, I have been up the country on important business. [*Look at watch.*] I must hasten on to New York.

Ÿno.—[*Stops him.*] Stop a minute, mister, just get off a little while, seems like there is a mistake. We happen to be Americans, and belong to the upper party.

Ike.—Yes, and we are on top now.

Ÿno.—Adj. Gen. Andre is our prisoner.

And.—Well. But, gentlemen, how is this? Have patience. Come, see here, [*takes out pass*] I have a pass signed by B. Arnold, major general.

Ÿno.—[*Takes it.*] What you doing with such a thing. [*Reads.*] “Permit *Mr. John Anderson* to pass the guards to White Plains, or below if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction. (Signed) B. Arnold, Maj. Gen.” I guess you have made another mistake, mister. This is for Mr. John Anderson, and not Adj. Gen. Andre. This looks bad. Get down off that horse.

And.—But, gentlemen, you don't understand. I—

Ÿno.—No, we don't. Maybe we shall soon. You are

a little crooked. Get off your horse, I say! [*Music. And. spurs up, the three hold on and take him from horse.*]

John.—You didn't quite come it? Now let's see what you got in your pockets. Hurry up, or we will help you. [*And. take off coat and turns pockets.*] Off with your vest. [*Takes off vest.*] Now your boots.

And.—This is sheer nonsense. I've nothing concealed about me.

John.—Take off your boots!

And.—I am tired of— [*Music.*]

John.—Ike, you and Dave take 'em off. [*Andre struggles. They take off boots and find papers. John looks at them.*] My God, he is a spy!

And.—[*Panting.*] Here take this watch and this purse. Give me the papers and let me go.

John.—What's that? O, no, you are a little late, mister. I guess we will take charge of these documents.

And.—Well let me go. I will give you an order for fifty pounds worth of goods, merchandise.

John.—Anything else?

And.—Yes, I will give you each £100.

John.—That's a big pile of money?

And.—Yes, but I will do it.

John.—O no, you won't, mister. You are a little too anxious. I guess you may save your money and goods and gold watches to hire Hessians with. We are country fellows, mister, but you British can't fool us, nor buy us either. You are a spy and we have not forgotten the fate of Nathaniel Hale. Come boys, we will take this man and these papers first to Col. Jameson at New Castle, and he can notify Gen. Arnold of his arrest. The sneak, as though Arnold would give him a pass. [*Exeunt L. & E.*]

DRAWS OFF TO FULL STAGE.

SCENE 3.—On Hudson. Arnold's home. Full stage. Large windows. Mts. in distance. Sofa, table, chairs, etc.

Arn.—[*Discovered with Mrs. A. and child on sofa L.*] My love this life on the mountain side grows a little irksome to you, does it not?

Mrs. A.—[*Looks out window.*] No, Benedict, this is a lovely spot. What a noble river, and those majestic heights over which I catch a glimpse of the American flag. Could I ever tire of this? No, having about me this grandeur, and you, and our dear boy.

Arn.—But no society, saving an exceptional visit from an officer.

Mrs. A.—You forget the visit of General and Mrs. Schuyler and their daughter, and in a day or two Gen. Washington will be here, returning from Hartford, as he wrote you. How fresh and balmy the morning air? The sun is just touching up the golden and scarlet foliage on the other side of the river. Why, here come some one, hastening up the path.

Arn.—[*Looking.*] I don't know who it is, a messenger of some sort. Well, [*messenger hands note to Arn.*] what is it? [*Reads.*]

“5 A. M., Sept. 25th.

“MY DEAR GEN. ARNOLD: We have a surprise for you. We have concluded our conference with our French friends at Hartford two days earlier than anticipated. Marques de LaFayette and suit, Gen. Knox and staff, I and military family will breakfast with you this morning. Will be on hand shortly.

“GEO. WASHINGTON.”

Well, it is a surprise; but nothing should surprise a soldier. You see to breakfast and I'll arrange for the horses. [*Starts out L. 2 E.*] Washington here, to-day!

[*Aside.*] Strange coincident: to-day the British take possession of West Point. [*Exit L. 2 E.*]

Mrs. A.—[*Rings bell, servant appears R. 2 E.*] Have breakfast prepared for fifteen additional persons. [*Exit servant.*] What is the matter with my dear husband? Why so grave: why did not joy light up his face when he learned that Washington will soon be here? Arnold and Washington—let me associate those names as history will, for they are America's pride and joy. Washington! Arnold! [*Going down stage.*] You've seen the fading sun trail glories in the western sky. With long, slender fingers touch all things with red and gold? Sun-like these world famed heroes shall fail and die, and color history with events that ne'er grow old.

Arn.—[*Entering with Hamilton and 3 or 4 other officers C. D.*] Mrs. Arnold, Col. Hamilton.

Col. H.—Mrs. Arnold I have hastened to tell you that the plans are changed somewhat. Gen. Washington bade us tell you that you should breakfast and not wait for him, that he would ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river and would be with you afterward. Marquis LaFayette and Gen. Knox accompany him, and we of their staff, are their poor representatives.

Mrs. A.—Gentlemen we are sorry that the generals will not be here. You are most welcome. After your morning ride you are doubtless ravenously hungry?

Col. H.—It was an invigorating ride.

Serv.—[*Head in R. 2 E.*] De breakfast am prepared!

Mrs. A.—A most timely call. Come colonel, general! Come gentlemen, all, we will appease the appetites these mountain breezes make.

Arn.—Yes, you go eat. You must ex—

Mrs. A.—Why, general?

Arn. You will excuse me now. The unexpected arrival of our commander-in-chief obliges me to complete some accounts, make out certain requisitions, etc.

Omnes.—We excuse you.

Arn.—There, go! [*All exunt R. 2 E. save Arn. who paces stage.*] Can I eat with the brave boys at such a time? Prepare for Washington—how? Can I quickly adduce and boil down all the various arguments and reasons that lead me to take this step? And would they touch his valorous heart or convince his ready judgment? O, Washington, thou art a man I love, so full of truth and simple honesty. How will this step that consummates to-day appear in thy pure eyes? And then, my wife! Great God, these thoughts torment me! [*Stops.*] Aye! then think upon success. Yes, yes; when all my plans succeed then explanations will be easy. Failure! What fiend suggests that word? No. I cannot fail, by noon to-day all will be over.

Off.—[*Enter C. D., saluting.*] General, a letter from Col. Jameson. [*Starts to exit.*]

Arn.—[*Takes letter.*] Stay, lieutenant, there may be a reply.

Off.—No, Col. Jameson said there would be none. [*Exit C. D.*]

Arn.—[*Goes down stage. Music. Reads.*] O, hell! what's this? An English officer bearing pass for John Anderson, signed by my name, detained a prisoner, the papers found on his person sent to Washington! [*Staggered: controls himself.*] I must act quickly. [*Goes to R. 1 E.*] O, Mrs. Arnold! Pardon me, but won't you come here a moment, please? [*Turns down.*] My horse must be prepared. [*Runs out L. 1 E.*]

Mrs. A.—[*Enters R. 2 E.*] Why, where is he: something unusual must be the matter?

Arn.—[*Enters L. 1 E. hurriedly, takes wife in arms.*] Together, my darling, we have experienced joy and sorrow. To you I have confided every secret, save one. I have no time for details. Margaret I thought to bring peace by surrendering West Point to the British.

Mrs. A.—West Point—the British?

Arn.—Yes, you will not understand: my plans fail. I am in personal peril. I must fly instantly. My life depends upon my reaching the British lines in safety.

Mrs. A.—You—false—Washington?

Arn.—O what a withering curse is this, a foretaste of my doom? [*Music. Mrs. A. falls senseless at his feet.*] Margaret! wife, wife! I will explain—explain. [*Recovers self control.*] Only a faint. [*Places her on sofa. Goes to R. 2 E. calls.*] Oh, John! She will recover soon, and I, I must hasten—or hang. No, this [*exhibiting pistol*] first. [*Exit C. D.*]

Serv.—[*Enters R. 2 E. Looks around, sees Mrs. A.*] The Lord help us, what's this? Mrs. Arnold, the lady, dead? O help, here! Help!

[*Enter Col. H., officers, servants. Confusion.*]

Maj. Franks.—Mrs. Arnold is sick. John, run for Dr. Eustis, at the hospital. Bring camphor, bath her head, chafe her hands. Come, let us carry her to her room. [*Franks and servants exeunt with Mrs. A., R. 3 E.*]

[*Enter Washington, LaFayette and officers C. D.*]

Col. H.—General you have arrived under distressing circumstances. The house is all alarmed over the condition of Mrs. Arnold, whom they have just carried to her room insensible.

Wash.—What's the matter? Where is Gen. Arnold?

Col. H.—I don't know.

[*Maj. Franks enters R. 3 E.*]

Wash.—Franks you are Arnold's aid, where is he and what is the matter?

Franks.—Gen. Arnold has doubtless gone to the garri-son to prepare to receive you. I don't know what is the matter with Mrs. Arnold.

Off.—A messenger! [*Messenger appears C. D.*]

Col. H.—[*Goes to C. receives letters.*] Letters for Gen. Washington, with documents.

Wash.—[*Sitting at table.*] Well, we may as well make ourselves as comfortable as possible while our horses eat. Hamilton you may read the letters, they are all of a military nature.

Col. H.—[*Takes letters, opens reads.*]

“*Major Andre to Gen. Washington:*

“SALEM, 24 Sept., 1780.

“SIR: I beg your excellency will be persuaded that no alteration in the temper of my mind or apprehension for my safety induces me to take this step in addressing you, but that it is to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self interest, a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuate me as well as with my condition of life”—

Wash.—This is an enigma to me. Better read some one of the others first, they may explain.

Col. H.—Here is one from Col. Jameson. [*Reads.*]

“*Col. Jameson to Gen. Washington:*

“NEW CASTLE, 24 Sept., 1780.

“DEAR GENERAL: The accompanying documents and papers we found upon a person purporting to be at once John Anderson and Maj Andre. His account of himself is decidedly crooked. We think him a spy. He carried a pass through our guards, made out for John Anderson, signed B. Arnold, major general. I immediately dis-

patched to Gen. Arnold. He may understand the matter. What shall be done with the prisoner?

“Your excellency’s humble servant,

“—— JAMESON.

Wash.—Marquis, I cannot understand this matter, do you?

LaFay.—Not yet, my dear general. Look at some more of the papers, they may explain.

Messenger.—[*Enters C. D.*] A letter to Gen. Washington from Gen. Arnold.

Wash.—Ah, that’s it. Read it.

Col. H.—[*Receives letter. Mess. exit. Col. H. reads.*]

“ON BOARD THE VULTURE, 25 Sept.

“Sir”—

Wash.—Stay! Is not that the British man of war we saw anchored just below here?

LaFay.—I believe it was, general.

Wash.—Go on with the letter.

Col. H.—“SIR: The heart that is conscious of its own rectitude cannot attempt to palliate a step which the world may censure as wrong. I have ever acted from a principle of love to my country since the commencement of the present unhappy contest between Great Britain and the colonies. The same principle actuates my present conduct, however it may appear inconsistent to the world.

Wash.—[*Excitedly.*] Gentlemen, what can this mean? Read on.

Col. H.—[*Reads.*] I have no favor to ask for myself. I have too often experienced the ingratitude of my country to attempt it, but from what I know of your excellency I am induced to ask your protection for Mrs. Arnold from every insult and injury that a mistaken

vengeance of my countrymen may expose her to. It ought to fall only on me; she is as good and innocent as an angel, and is incapable of doing wrong. From your excellency I have no fears on her account, but she may suffer from the mistaken fury of the country. In justice to the gentlemen of my family, Col. Varick and Maj. Franks, I think myself in honor bound to declare that they, as well as Joshua Smith (whom I know is suspected), are totally ignorant of any transactions of mine, that they had any reason to believe were injurious to the public.

“B. ARNOLD.”

[*The officers look at one another.*]

Wash.—[*Looks at papers on table. Sadly.*] Whom can we trust, now? Arnold, whom I loved and trusted as a brother, is a traitor, and has fled to the British. To-day, but for the providential capture, thank heaven, of this man Maj. Andre, West Point would have been placed, without a struggle, into British possession. Our young Republic would have received a death stab from which there would have been no recovery. Gentlemen, although friends prove faithless and those we trust most are treacherous, yet Providence favors the faithful for God rules.

Off.—Aye! Yes, yes.

[*Wild music. Enter Mrs. A., R. 3 E., disheveled, wild, dragging her boy. Doctor and attendants try to restrain her. She goes up to Washington.*]

Mrs. A.—O, spare my child! Would you murder my darling boy? [*Convulsions. Catches up her boy.*] O, my precious one, your father will return. Is that the Hudson? What grandeur, what beauty! The sun kisses and floods the hills with glory, and your papa will be there. O, do not harm my child! Why, in my dream I

saw the Goddess of Liberty come smiling over the mountains, attended by a youth—a bright, young Republic. Arnold and Washington made the rough places smooth, the crooked places straight. [*Eyes become fixed. Hollow voiced. Sad music.*] Arnold a traitor! [*Falls in convulsions.*]

[*Tableaux.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT 5.

SCENE 1.—Westminster Abby. Full stage. Church windows, tombs, effigies, etc. Almost 20 years supposed to have elapsed.

[*Guide sets reading at L. 1 E. Enter Mrs. A. and Arnold L. 1 E., show guide card and pass in. Go from tomb to tomb. Wierd light through stained glass. Wierd music.*

Mrs. A.—Here it is. [*Reads.*] “Sacred to the memory of Maj. John Andre, who, raised by his merits at an early period of life to the rank of adjutant general of the British forces in America, and employed in an important, but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and his country on the 2d day of October, 1780. Aged 29. Universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes. His gracious sovereign, King George III., has caused this monument to be erected.”

Arn.—“An important, but hazardous enterprise,” “fell a sacrifice.” Wife, yesterday in the earliest dawn Andre and I stood at the foot of the mountains on the banks of the majestic Hudson. My last words to him were: “You will not, *must* not fail.” But he did fail. To-day, not because of my failure, but of his. To-day he is enshrined

in Westminster, and I am Benedict Arnold, the traitor — “hazardous,” “sacrificed?” Who hazarded? Aye, who fell a sacrifice? And where shall I lie? What country will honor me with a monument?

Mrs. A.—Come, general, don’t think these gloomy thoughts. Let us leave this place where such injustice is shown in the world’s monuments.

Arn.—No, not so soon, indulge me this time. I will never visit Westminster again. Here are the monuments, the tombs, the effigies of kings and queens; in yonder corner the poets and authors that England loves, and here the statesmen and warriors she venerates. O what an aggregate of great men’s bones? What man so lacking in valor and aspiration as not to be impressed by this atmosphere, how it feeds ambition’s fires? But look at this tomb. How the light diffuses over it. Under there are the remains of Gen. Monk, Duke of Albemarle, whose part in England’s history, in restoring the monarchy, I was to re-enact in America to bring back the colonies. *So they told me.* Monk is made “Knight of the Garter,” “gentleman of the bed-chamber,” “master of the horse,” “commander-in-chief,” “Duke of Albemarle,” and has an annual pension of £7,000, besides being entombed in England’s dead house of glory. Why? Because he succeeded. If I had succeeded as Robinson, Clinton and Andre said I should. If I had succeeded in reuniting the empire, I, too, would have been showered with honors and have found a place and a monument here, as they promised me. O, Margaret, I dreamed of the day when grateful countrymen would linger with veneration round my resting place and say: “There lies one who loved his fellow men. He stopped bloodshed by putting an end to war. A valient warrior he, but a mightier statesman! But O, wife, if I be held when dead in that same abhor-

rence as while living, how worse than hell it will be! [*Silence, then moving up U. R.*] Through that passage in the chapel of Henry VII., there lie Montague and Ormond. Have you heard their history?

Guide.—[*Advancing.*] You can't go in there, sir.

Arn.—[*Showing card.*] That is who I am.

Guard.—[*In scorn.*] You Gen. Benedict Arnold, the general that betray—ah—who was once an American? Well, sir, I don't know that you have any privileges above other *honest* men. [*Looks at watch.*] It is about time to close the Abby. You may go out this way. [*Pointing L. C.*]

[*Exeunt L. C. Slow music.*]

CLOSED IN BY WOOD IN 2.

SCENE 2.—Kilburn Wells, near London. Wood in 2.

[*Enter Earl Lauderdale and Sir Charles Fox L. 1 E.*]

Fox.—We are here ten minutes too soon. Now tell me, Earl, how this unfortunate affair occurred. You remember I was not in attendance on the House of Lords on the 31st.

Laud.—In my address, discussing the king's proclamation against seditious meetings, I opposed the Marquis of Abercorn, Earl of Harrington and Lord Hawke. And said concerning the camp at Bagshot, that I was glad the noble Duke of Richmond, who had been so strenuous for reform, had been appointed to command, to overawe the people and destroy their endeavors to obtain a reform. I declared I was glad the Duke was to command the camp, for if apostacy could justify promotion he was the most fit person for the command, *Gen. Arnold alone excepted.*

Fox.—That's rather strong language, and this Arnold is most deuced sensitive, yet everybody knows he *is* an apostate and a traitor. When you debate you go as that American fellow Patrick Henry, put it, "for the entire hog or none."

Laud.—Well, the Duke got all in a flurry, and said I was attacking his private character, and he demanded an explanation or a meeting. After the discussion I told Richmond that what I said applied solely to his public career, and that I meant nothing in respect to his private character, whereupon the Duke cooled off, and I supposed the matter settled, but I was yet to see the effect of the other edge of my sword of sarcasm for Arnold was upon my ears for an explanation or a meeting. I told Arnold I had no personal hostility and was barely thinking of him, using his name in a figurative manner.

Fox.—That would not satisfy?

Laud.—No, he wanted me to retract everything I had said. That I could not do, and so I told him. The rest, the arrangements for this meeting you are acquainted with. Candidly, Mr. Fox, I have no heart for this meeting with Gen. Arnold, for I have no quarrel with him.

Fox.—Its too late now. Here they come, General Arnold, Lord Hawke, his second, and the surgeon. How shall it be, twenty paces and both fire upon the word?

Laud.—[*Going to extreme R.*] That satisfies me.

[*Enter Lord Hawke, Arnold and Doctor L. i E. Hawke goes down C.*]

Fox.—Good morning, gentlemen.

Hawke.—Good morning. [*Looks at watch.*] We are here on time, 8 o'clock?

Fox.—Yes, sir.

Hawke.—Let us begin at once. Have you decided the distance and manner of firing?

Fox.—Yes, sir. Twenty paces and fire upon the word. Is that satisfactory?

Hawke.—[*Looks at Arnold, who nods assent.*] Yes, sir.

Fox.—From this point let us measure off ten paces each way. [*They do this and then get pistols for principals.*]

Hawke.—Mr. Fox you give the word.

Fox.—All right. Let us understand. I shall say “Ready!” “Fire!” At which word you fire. You understand? [*Laud. and Arnold take position.*] Ready! [*They take aim.*] Fire! [*Arnold fires. Laud. lets arm drop without firing.*]

Fox.—[*To Laud.*] My Lord, are you wounded?

Laud.—No.

Hawke.—The gentleman’s pistol has missed fire. Now let him fire.

Arn.—[*Folding arms.*] Yes, fire!

Laud.—I decline firing, because I have no enmity to Gen. Arnold.

Hawke.—I suppose then you will not object to saying that you did not mean to asperse Gen. Arnold’s character?

Laud.—No. I have already said that I did not mean to wound Gen. Arnold’s feelings. I will not explain further. Gen. Arnold may fire again if he chuses.

Arn. and Hawke.—No.

Arn.—No. This is impossible.

Laud.—I will not retract my words, but am sorry if my man felt hurt by them.

Arn.—This is not a proper apology, such as I would make in a similar situation, and I insist upon Lauderdale firing.

Laud.—No, I will not.

Arn.—Gentlemen, see my situation. I have the military rank of major general. The king vests in my name the title to over 13,000 acres of land in Canada, because of my great sacrifices for the English nation, yet coming to England to live. If I go to the theatre no one comes near my box. If my wife goes shopping the clerk points scornfully at her—the wife of Benedict Arnold. We go to church and are looked on in abhorrence. I engage in business, merchants avoid me. Gentlemen these things are not easy to be endured. Now a climax of insult by Earl of Lauderdale, with whom I am barely acquainted. This Earl, a gentleman whose position, rank and character is among the highest in England. This man, before the most dignified assembly in the world, the House of Lords. This man wantonly attacks and insults me. Can this be endured?

[*Fox speaks to Laud. Where upon.*]

Laud.—[*Coming forward.*] I have no enmity against Gen. Arnold. I did not mean to asperse his character or wound his feelings, and I am sorry that Gen. Arnold or any other person should be hurt at what I have said.

Arn.—Lord Lauderdale I am perfectly satisfied with your apology, provided our seconds, as men of honor, will say that I ought.

Fox.—I think it should be deemed perfectly satisfactory.

Hawke.—And so do I.

Laud.—[*Advancing and holding out hand.*] I trust this ends the matter which has been so unfortunate for us both.

Arn.—[*Taking hand.*] You, my lord, can regret it no more than I.

Mess.—[*Enters R. 1 E.*] A message for Gen. Arnold.

Arn.—[*Takes note, reads.*] Lord Hawke, doctor, let

us be going. Gentlemen you may read that. [*Hands note to Fox.*] Good morning.

[*Exeunt Arnold, Hawke, surgeon, messenger R. & E.*]

Fox.—[*Reading note.*]

“PORTLAND PLACE, 8:30 A. M., July 1, '89.

“MY HUSBAND: I am ill from anxiety and apprehension. By this time the matter is settled. Are you well? Are you wounded? Are you dying? The thought distracts and crazes me.

“Your wife,

MARGARET.”

Laud.—This has been a much more serious affair than I had imagined. I deeply regret this poor woman's solicitude. I shall, at an early moment, beg permission to wait upon her in person and express my sorrow and make an apology.

Fox.—And now, Lord Lauderdale, let us be going. We will reach London about the time the church bells chime, glad that this disagreeable affair is swallowed up in the cadences of the sacred bells. [*Exeunt L. & E.*]

DRAWS OFF TO FULL STAGE.

SCENE 3.—Full stage. Plain Chamber. Darkened room. Arnold's death scene. London. Old-fashioned bed enclosed by curtains Table, chairs, etc.

[*Discover Mrs. A. and Physician.*]

Dr.—He seems to be resting quietly now, and I think he will recover speedily. His mind having been unsettled by so many depressing circumstances, it must not alarm you if he becomes delirious at times. The fever is broken, however, and he has a great deal of strength. Should he want to get up permit him, only don't let him leave the room.

Mrs. A.—Shall I continue giving the powders?

Dr.—O no, its not necessary now. *Mrs. Arnold* as you were up all last night let me suggest that you try and get a little rest. We don't want you sick, too. The nurse will watch and call you if you are needed.

Mrs. A.—[*To nurse out R. 3 E.*] *Martha*, you be near to see if the general wants anything. [*Exeunt Dr. and Mrs. A., C. D., enter nurse R. 3 E.*]

Nurse.—Yes, marm. How she has changed. Ah, Time, the wonder worker, will keep Gen. Arnold from recognizing as it has kept her, and certainly I shall not disclose my identity. Strange the government should have to employ me. The Arnolds must be poor. It looks that way. [*Looking round room.*]

Arn.—[*Waking, draws curtain aside. Sits on edge of bed. Music.*] Are you a servant?

Nurse.—I am. Can I do anything?

Arn.—No. I am not sick. But say, its a cruel injustice. I am a loyal subject of the king and a tried soldier. I offer the king my services as general, but am given to understand that no English soldiers will serve under me! Bah. My occupations gone. I wanted death on the battle field. Say! there's something about your eyes. Did I ever see you before?

Nurse.—O no, sir. We are perfect strangers.

Arn.—Yes, a stranger, but once we were acquainted. Men and women serve me that way now. Friend once, now perfect strangers. [*Looks closely.*] O, yes. Ha! ha! ha! I have a better memory than you supposed? You were the syren who impersonated a goddess. I see it all; it was only yesterday. You said I was a man of destiny. You reasoned to me as did Robinson and Clinton and the English Commissioners, and I listened to you! You twitted me of the American Congress' injus-

tice and the court-martial. You flattered me. You were the dangerous female embodiment of all the treachery that I committed. O, yes, I followed your advice, and your advice would have been better had your judgment been good. Only a mistake, but a mistake blacker than night and more accursed than hell!

Mrs. A.—[*Hurries in C. D.*] O general, what is this? You are excited and beside yourself. You must lie down.

Arn.—[*Taking her face in his hands.*] There, my wife, don't worry, I am in my normal condition, but I don't like the nurse the king so kindly furnished. Tell her [*pointing to nurse*] to go.

[*Nurse exits R. 3 E.*]

Mrs. A.—I will. There is a minister of the Established Church here. Will you see him?

Arn.—Why do I want to see a minister of a spiritual kingdom now? All my life has been devoted to serving Earthly governments. You behold the shell. Look at the remains of a soldier, statesman and compatriot of Schuyler, Warren and Washington. See what we have accomplished.

Mrs. A.—Don't talk of those disagreeable things. Let your mind be composed.

Arn.—Margaret, I will try. Let the preacher come in.

[*Mrs. A. exit C. D.*]

Arn.—Yes, be composed. But its such a pleasant thought to think of my brilliant career, a pauper and an outcast.

[*Enter Mrs. A. and preacher C. D.*]

Arn.—[*Advancing.*] Good day, my reverend sir.

Preach.—Good morning, general, how are you to-day, sir? Its fine outside, as you might observe from your

window. Of course you must keep the room darkened. Pity you can't get out, though.

Arn.—You must have a special mission in visiting me, sir?

Preach.—Nothing further than to cheer, if possible. I'm told you are melancholy? But, sir, no need or sense in it. You know howsoever mistaken buffeted and ill-used there is a place of hope and sunshine?

Arn.—I thank you, sir. Your effort is laudable. But look, you sir, across a three thousand mile stretch of dancing waves there lies a land swathed in golden sunlight, and I can see the verdure-covered hills, upon which, in youth, I roamed and studied God. I can see the church in which I breathed boyish prayers, the graveyard where my sainted parents lie.

Preach.—'Tis ever the same, yesterday, to-day, forever pardon and immortal youth. But come, general, you recline on the bed, you appear weak!

Arn.—By and by. Mrs. Arnold you leave me alone with this good man for a few minutes. [*Mrs. A. exit C. D.*] I am not a great while for this world and I am indifferent to life. I am not delirious or excited, but I want you to assist me to gratify a whim.

Preach.—Pardon me, general, but I am of the impression that you need entire rest. My presence may be too suggestive for your equilibrium, and the matters I represent should be thought over in quietude and calmness. I don't want to be considered harsh or unsympathetic, but I would rather not be implicated in the gratification of your whim.

Arn.—Do you know what I want? Will you kindly go to the bed, and under it is a valise, bring it here?

Preach.—[*Doing so.*] It may be of moment after all.

Arn.—Open it. [*Preacher obeys.*] Hand me the con-

tents. [*Hands coat to him.*] Now help me to put on the coat—the Continental uniform.

Preach.—No, general. Pardon me, but I positively decline. Your thoughts must be diverted from these things. [*Takes hold of Arn., who resists.*] No. Come, you must recline! [*Takes him to bed, goes to C. D. calls.*] Mrs. Arnold! [*Enter Mrs. A.*] Mrs. Arnold I think my presence may not be good for the general. I will leave the room, but remain near so that I can render any assistance you may desire. [*Exit C. D.*]

Mrs. A.—[*Throwing herself in chair.*] Oh, that our son were here; or the doctor. I will make the room darker yet. [*Closes blinds.*] That's better. [*Room dark. Soft music.*] May be the general will sleep now.

Arn.—[*From bed.*] Margaret, it is dark?

Mrs. A.—Yes, general. Lie still.

Arn.—[*Arising. Blue light round him. Music 'til end.*] My dear wife you will—

Mrs. A.—[*Springing up.*] O, general! please don't get up.

Arn.—Listen to me. Its a slight matter. [*Displays uniform.*] Help me on with this coat.

Mrs. A.—Then will you lie quietly?

Arn.—Yes. But look, see that burned place? That was from the cannon on Lake Champlain. Those two holes there at Quebec, and there the bullets of Stillwater pierced. Help me. [*Mrs. A. helps as he tremblingly puts on coat and sinks into chair.*] Now hand me from that valise the epaulettes, and the sword knots—attach them. [*Mrs. A. does it.*] Washington presented those to me when I was in the hospital at Albany. Washington was good and kind and true. It took this left leg a long while to heal. Do you know, wife, a gentleman told me the other day that this wounded leg should be

severed from my traitorous body and be carried back to America and be interred there, as it alone was worthy of resting in the land where Washington lies entombed.

Mrs. A.—[*Taking hold of him.*] O please, come and lay down.

Arn.—[*Rising shakes Mrs. A. off.*] No, not just yet. [*Mrs. A. falls into chair and buries face in her hands.*] How beautiful this uniform. [*Goes to seize take old U. S. flag.*] How I love this flag, of my country—my country! O, no! My country sends to me, poor pauper, a nurse to haunt and taunt me. This flag floats over a land of freedom, where Washington lies beloved and honored. How I envy this wounded leg. Would to God my entire body had been wounded to death upon Saratoga's plains! Aye, accursed be the body that supports these treacherous arms! Accursed these hands that executed treason! Accursed the heart that desired it! The intellect that devised it! O God, I am withered by the curse of America's freemen. I am forsaken and abhorred by all the world! [*Blue light around him. Sinks to floor with fixed eyes and trembling muscles. Writhes. Wild music. Mrs. A. springs up in terror, runs to C. D. and cries for help. Comes back to Arn. Hair disheveled. Wild. Shakes him.*]

Mrs. A.—O God, his eyes are glassy and fixed. [*Tears open his shirt. Puts ear to breast. Springs to her feet. Staggered, chokes, and gasps out*] Dead! dead! [*Falls heavily.*]

[*Ferv dark stage. Wild music.*]

CURTAIN FALLS.



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